

how to mend them. Christ's words are divine words to me, because, as Coleridge said, "they always find me." They reveal what is in me without possibility of evasion or concealment. I never can be with Jesus an hour, over His Word, or in close communing prayer, but I feel as if his hand had been laid upon every evil thing in my nature. Infinite thanks for a Lover so true that He spares not my faults and will not let me alone in my willfulness and waywardness. He constantly sendeth his Holy Spirit to reprove our sins, and to lead us in the right way. Faithful are the wounds of our loving Guardian, but the kisses of false friends are deceitful.

Closely does Jesus stick to us, with the constant assurance "Lo! I am with you always." In every perplexity we can call upon Him. In every time of sudden temptation He is within our reach to succor us. As a child walking over a slippery and dangerous path, cries out "father, I am falling!" and has but a moment to grasp his father's hand, so every believer sees hours when nothing but the hand of Jesus comes between him and the abyss of destruction. As we look back over the pathway of life we may well be startled to see how often we were on the dizzy edge of a precipice, and we will adore and bless the Lover whose unseen presence hovered about us.

Another proof of Christ's fidelity is that He never deserts us in trouble. That was a noble tribute which the veteran apostle in his Roman prison paid to Onesiphorus who visited him in his confinement, and was not ashamed of his chains. Our Savior only draws the closer to us when we are enduring hardness for His sake; and in the fourth watch of tempestuous nights, His form is seen and heard thru the darkness: "It is I; be of good cheer; be not afraid." It is a glorious comfort to us that, when our earthly props are knocked away, we can feel underneath us the Everlasting arms.

Death, which sunders all other ties, does not break the tie which binds Jesus and His redeemed ones together. Beautifully has it been said that "the continuous persistency of the bond between Christ and His friend Lazarus was unbroken by the superficial accident of death. Wheresoever Lazarus was, he heard and knew the voice, and wheresoever Lazarus was, he obeyed the voice. And so we are taught that the relationship between Christ-life and all them that trust Him is one on which the tooth of death, which gnaws all other bonds in twain, has no power at all." Because Jesus lives, we who love Him and whom He loves shall live also.

Then, my dear reader, grapple your heart to Jesus, the lover, who sticketh closer than a brother. Faith is the rope that lashes you fast. Holding to Him, you will be held, and no man can pluck you out of His almighty hand. It is not faith in a system or a doctrine alone; it is the living union of you, the sinner, to Jesus the Savior—heart to Heart, person to Person; that will bring you thru the conflict, and land you in glory.

#### A Prayer for the Pastor

Rest him, O Father! Thou didst send him forth.  
With great and gracious messages of love;  
But thy ambassador is weary now,  
Worn with the weight of his high embassy.  
Now care for him as thou hast cared for us  
In sending him; and cause him to lie down  
In thy fresh pastures, by thy streams of peace.  
Let thy left hand be now beneath his head,  
And thine upholding right encircle him,  
And, underneath, the everlasting arms  
Be felt in full support. So let him rest,  
Hushed like a little child, without one care;  
And so give thy beloved sleep tonight.

Rest him, dear Master! He hath poured for us  
The wine of joy, and we have been refreshed.  
Now fill his chalice, give him sweet new draughts  
Of life and love, with thine own hand; be thou  
His ministrant tonight; draw very near  
In all thy tenderness and all thy power.  
O, speak to him! Thou knowest how to speak  
A word in season to thy weary ones,  
And he is weary now. Thou lovest him—  
Let thy disciple lean upon thy breast,  
And, leaning, gain new strength to "rise and shine."

Rest him, O loving Spirit! Let thy calm  
Fall on his soul tonight. O holy Dove,  
Spread thy bright wing above him, let him rest  
Beneath its shadow; let him know afresh  
The infinite truth and might of thy dear name—  
"Our Comforter!" As gentlest touch will stay  
The strong vibrations of a jarring chord,  
So lay thy hand upon his heart, and still  
Each overstraining throb, each pulsing pain.  
Then, in the stillness, breathe upon the strings,  
And let thy holy music overflow,  
With soothing power, his listening, resting soul.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

#### SERVICE

What is service? Paul defines it in this wise: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Not to *enjoy* life but to *employ* life should be our highest aim and inspiration. Doing the will of the Father and serving him is improving our opportunities to the best of our ability, in doing all the good we can in all the ways we can. Small service is true service. It is the little word we speak, the little thought we think, the thing we do or leave undone, the little moment we waste or use wisely, the little temptation to which we yield or overcome, the little things of every day that are making or marring your life and the lives of those around you.

"Better to weave in the web of life  
A bright and golden filling,  
And do God's will with a ready heart,  
And hands that are prompt and willing,  
Than to snap the delicate minute threads  
Of our curious lives asunder,  
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,  
And sit, and grieve, and wonder."

Christ did not spend all his time on Mt. Harmon, as the impulsive Peter had suggested that they should build tabernacles up there, and stay on the summit of the mount, but went about doing good. Duty forbids us to spend all our time in meditations, however profitable, or in devotions, however holy, or in singing praises. There is too much work to be done, too many battles to

be fought, too many crosses to be borne, too many trials to be endured. Spiritual frames should not unfit us for practical duties, but the hours on the mountain tops should fit us all the more for the humbler valleys of our every day life. We can have the Master with us all the time, in our common rounds and our daily tasks. The lowly valleys in which we do our work and meet our friends and business associates ought to be just as verdant and well cared for as those mountain tops where "we see no one save Jesus." In order to accomplish something in this world of ours we must have a motive or ideal toward which we may strive. He who has no ideal will accomplish nothing.

There can be no truer ideal than to be more like Christ.

"This span of life was bent  
For lofty duties, not for selfishness,  
Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams  
But to improve ourselves, and serve mankind,  
Life and its choicest faculties were given."

Our lives are incomplete unless *we* by our acts of kindness strive to make the lives of others happy and attempt to lift them to a loftier, nobler standard in life. Our happiness in life is the result of making *others* happy. For, "Every attempt to make others happy, every sin left behind, every temptation trampled under foot, every step forward in the cause of what is good is a step nearer heaven."

"We must not hope to be mowers,  
And to gather the ripe gold ears,  
Unless we have first been sowers  
And watered the furrows with tears.  
It is not just as we take it,  
This mystical world of ours,  
Life's field will yield as we make it.  
A harvest of thorns or of flowers."

Humanity requires a Christian, not a materialistic, philosophy. Man touches every phase of existence and environment, and only the Gospel with its bearings and relations for time and for eternity freely meets the requirements of his physical, mental, moral and spiritual being. He must have more than things, or even facts. He must have a religious experience—a personal acquaintance with a personal Saviour. He must be brought into union with the divine, and be lifted out of the material into the spiritual and heavenly life. —Presbyterian.

#### Matrimonial

DRUCKAMILLER—KOCHER.—At my residence on Tuesday, Aug. 21, brother James L. Druckamiller and sister Aura S. Kocher, both of Syracuse, Ind., were united in marriage by me. Hope theirs may be a happy and useful life and continue in his service until God calls them home.

A. S. MENAUGH.

GARRETT—HOLSINGER.—At the Brethren church, Oakville, Ind., Aug. 15, 1900, Mr. Elsie Garrett and Miss Rosalie Holsinger were by pastor united in holy matrimony. The contracting parties are among our most exemplarily young people. Sister Holsinger has for some years been engaged in teaching, and has in all departments of the church been an earnest and consecrated worker. Mr. Garrett is one of the teachers in the musical department of Muncie University. May their united lives be one of joy and happiness, blessed of God both for time and eternity.

L. W. DITCH.